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THAT AMENDED LAW.

The Scott Act has been carried and is supposed to be in force in nearly all of the counties in New Brunswick. The amendment to the provincial liquor act was therefore directed mainly against the city and county of St. John. Only two of the six St. John representatives voted for it. The majority was made up by the representatives throughout the province, many of whom, no doubt, had they had an opportunity of seeing the liquor law carried out in this city would have been inclined to change their views. When the law demands that a petition must have the signatures of half the property owners in a ward before a license can be granted the restriction is practically prohibitory. The experience of the agents of the applicants for licenses proves this. They have found it a difficult matter indeed to obtain the requisite signatures under the law before the amendment and they declare that in most of the city wards they will be unable to obtain the additional number of signatures. But the fact that they will be able to do so in some sections will still enable licenses to be issued and the difference will be that the legal sale will be confined to fewer places. But what about the illegal sale? No one doubts for a moment that the liquor dealers will make a determined effort to fight the law and even if the fund that they subscribe to do so amounts to but one year's licenses, the sum will go a long way in litigation. The city will lose the major portion of the licenses and will be forced in all probability to endeavor to sustain the law in the courts. This will mean such an additional expense that the difference will be a serious one to taxpayers. The matter is one for calm and serious consideration from the leaders of both parties. It impulse on the part of the ardent temperance people is permitted to carry them too far, then the result may be a condition of affairs so much worse than the present that they will be glad indeed to return to the existing license system.

FADS TO SOME PURPOSE.

The women all over America seem addicted to fads in these days, and the intentions are always good ones, whether the projects are expedient or not. In some cases the fad is in the form of temperance work, of social purity crusades, prison visitation and the like. In others it takes the form of agitation for a curfew law, the fitting out of ambulances or the supplying of a police matron. One of the most commendable of all fads, however, is that which includes rescue work of any kind. By this term is not necessarily meant the rescue from absolute vice, a sense in which the phrase is often used, but the rescue from mere ignorance and idleness, and the fitting of poor girls to be useful women with positions of responsibility and trust. In every large city there are many bright girls whose environment and education do not permit them to rise above the plane of mere manual drudgery, and in no case is this more apparent than in the confessedly poor quality of the average domestic in household service. Good servants are rare in proportion to the number in the ranks, and it would seem that in this line of occupation, modern days have seen a retrogression when in nearly all other lines of work there has been a notable advance over the conditions of a generation or so ago. The servant girl question seems a problem difficult of solution. Much of this undesirable state of affairs is due to the fact that the field of occupation for girls, in manual labor has been greatly extended with the increase of factories and workshops, and that many who, in former times, would have been content in domestic service, now prefer what may be considered a more independent life, even though it may not be an easier one. This leaves the ranks of domestics much depleted, and many of those who now go out to service seem to do so because they are unfitted to succeed in any other occupation. This is not a desirable state of affairs. Under modern conditions, the domestic is not a

drudge and potwalloper as in old times, but she can, if fitted for her duties hold a position equivalent to that of housekeeper in many instances, provided she is qualified. The trouble is that very few are so qualified, and hence it is that housekeepers are tormented by poor servants, and the condition of the domestics as a class does not advance. PROGRESS has frequently laid down the proposition that if education and intelligence were brought into the occupation of domestics, their calling would be one in which they would sacrifice no self respect and would be held in as high esteem as any other vocation. A domestic should be simply an assistant, or deputy of the employer, and her attending to the wants of a household should be as honorable as that of a nurse who waits on the sick, while it would indeed be the more pleasant occupation of the two. The idea advanced from time to time is to have training schools for domestics, just as there are for nurses, and to send them out properly equipped and fitted to be trusted in whatever positions they may take.

This sensible fad is one that some ladies in New York are now busy about. They are the ladies of St. Bartholomew's parish, an episcopalian organization, and what they call a school for servants has just been established. The leader in the work is Mrs. MARY C. HEBURN, who has been connected with the employment bureau for the last eight years, and may therefore be assumed to have a good idea of what she is about. She believes that girls should not only be taught how to cook, but how to be tidy, economical and in other ways valuable to their employers. She holds that servants thus fitted for efficient work will have their work recognized, that the new condition of things will establish better relations between the employer and the employed, and that housework, instead of being considered degrading, will be refining in its influences. In this way a much more desirable class of girls will be found willing to adopt it as a vocation. A leading feature of the school, naturally, will be to teach the art and mystery of cooking in all its branches. To do this effectually, the services of a French cook have been secured as instructor. He will give daily lessons in the preparation of plain and fancy dishes, and the work of the school will be put to practical use in supplying a convenient lunch room for the business women in the neighborhood. In addition to the lesson in cooking, instruction is given in laundry work and in household duties in general, including the care of the sick. When pupils graduate, they will be given diplomas in one or the other or all of the branches taught, and there will be the best of recommendations, insuring the holder the best of positions at the highest rate of wages. The scheme appears to be an excellent one, and if the idea were to spread to other cities it might well be termed a fad to some purpose.

There is a suggestion for charitable and religious organizations in the system of providing nurses for the sick poor, recently adopted in Baltimore and which has already proved a success in other cities. District nurses are provided, but are not located in the houses of invalids as in the ordinary way of employing nurses. Instead of that, they make periodic visits to the houses, see that proper conditions for the care of the sick are secured as far as possible and instruct in all that is necessary to be done. In this way a small number of nurses can do efficient work among a large number of patients, by having them under their supervision and giving special cases such extra time and attention as the circumstances may require. By this plan proper provision can be made for people afflicted with chronic diseases. In order to make the attention acceptable to those who do not want to feel that they are dependent on charity, a nominal fee of ten cents is charged for each visit, but this is not demanded where the people are unable to pay. The fact that the service can be paid for, however, causes many families of moderate means to avail themselves of it, and there is thus always a revenue to the organization which renders it partly self-supporting. The idea may be worth consideration by some of the bodies which have been anxious to have a system of district nursing in St. John, but have hitherto not seen their way clear to employ a corps of nurses under the ordinary system of locating a nurse in the house with each case.

The idea which was long ago entertained by Commander CHEYNE, of reaching the north pole by means of a balloon is about to be put into a definite form by a Swede named ANDREE, who has been heard of in connection with the project for some time past. He has now got so far with the scheme that the big balloon is under construction in Paris. When completed it will be taken to a point as far north in Europe as can conveniently be reached, and it is expected that the continuation of the voyage to the pole will be made in the air. The exploring party will consist of three men fully provided with all the requisite scientific appliances. The start will be made about the middle of May, and Mr. ANDREE is very confident of success. He is probably no more sanguine than Commander

CHEYNE used to be, but the latter gentleman never succeeded in getting governments or capitalists sufficiently interested in the undertaking to give it their financial support. The science of predicting the weather has made great advances since the beginning of "Old Probs" in the United States, when the fallacy of the weather bulletins was a favorite topic for newspaper jokes. In the report of the Canadian service for the last fiscal year the number of predictions made for all parts of the Dominion is given at 7,265. Of these 5,538 were fully verified and 1,010 partly verified, leaving only 717 which were wholly wrong. In the Maritime Provinces division, the number of predictions was 1,276, of which 971 were fully and 186 partly verified, leaving 119 failures. The percentage of verified predictions for both the Dominion and the Maritime Provinces was a trifle over 83 per cent of the whole, by no means a bad showing.

Several of the country papers have recently given currency to an account of the conviction of PADDY BURGEN, who was hanged for stealing in St. John, in 1828. It appears to have been furnished to the St. Croix Courier by GEO. A. BOARDMAN, but it is the identical account given in LAWRENCE'S "Footprints," an account now known to be erroneous and misleading. The full and only accurate account of the BURGEN case, obtained from the most reliable sources, appears in the book "Old Time Tragedies," published in St. John last year. It is a pity to see the memory of Judge CHIPMAN defamed by a distorted version of the case when the facts are so easily to be had by those who want to know the truth.

Though BAT SHEA went to his death for the Troy, N. Y., murder, his memory is not to be allowed to die. The girls working in the factories of Troy and Albany, who came to the front at his funeral by sending a floral imitation of an electric death chair, now propose to give a ball to raise money for a monument to him. There are queer ways of doing things in this world. March hardly came in like a lion this year. It was more in the style of a Newfoundland dog which had taken a swim and was proceeding to shake itself.

Admires Cyprus Golde. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—It is a very difficult matter to understand the reason why the names of only a few of our Canadian poets are always to the fore. Their poetical contributions are no better, and very often not nearly as beautiful, as others never commented upon by the press. But a secret recently comes to light seems to be that a publisher will boom a poet on his publications for a tangible consideration. Indeed it has become pretty widely known that a Canadian poet and his writings were set up in that way by a New York magazine, calling him the Longfellow of Canada; There is no one Long fellow in Canada, our best poets are all Longfellow of the same average. The sweet spirit of poetical revelation flows from its infinite source even into the humblest hearts. It does not require a high social position, to make the name of a good poet. Even in the poetical column of PROGRESS, several native born children of genius, have an admiring and warm hearted following. Among them seems notably to be Cyprus Golde, a contributor of no mean order. I will guarantee without prospect of failure, that from ten to fifteen thousand readers of PROGRESS look regularly every Saturday for that author's pieces. The new license school of poetic thought can never wholly take the place of the heart comforting language of the masters of the old style. One evening not a great while ago at a public literary entertainment in Boston, a celebrated elocutionist gave Cyprus Golde's Sable Island Life Boat and Bell of Blandford Bay in a masterly and most efficient manner. Both these pieces have been published in PROGRESS; they reflect great credit as fine compositions and were the pieces of the evening. Is not Cyprus Golde a writer of marked ability, is there not a niche for him in our Canadian temple of literary honor. C. A.

Reward for Rescuing the Drowning.

Here in America, as in every other civilized country, the authorities offer a pecuniary reward for the finding and recovery of a drowned person—a corpse being, therefore, of greater financial value to boatmen than a rescue. The French government has now inaugurated a scheme of providing monetary rewards for the saving of people from drowning, and the innovation is one which merits the consideration of our authorities here, since to a man who has a starving family at home the temptation to allow a person to drown for the sake of securing the reward for the finding of a corpse is so great that it may prove in some cases beyond the power of resistance. —Philadelphia Telegraph.

Consolation for the Bereaved.

"The meanest person I ever heard of," said an east side undertaker, "caused a great sensation at a funeral I recently directed. The house of mourning was filled with the friends of the deceased—in this case a henpecked husband. The widow, so it was reported, was already on the lookout for a second husband, and one of the indignant female relatives of the corpse ordered a very nice floral anchor sent to the widow. It was greatly admired until the words, 'There are Others,' in blue immortelles, were observed on the anchor bar. The floral piece was consigned to the cellar, but was the subject of a great deal of talk."—Buffalo Courier.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

On Duty. Within the hospital we waiting stood And saw a nurse in uniform pass by; In garb of blue, and cap and apron white, And white bands crossed so like an angel's sigh. White coats down lengthened rows in all the ward, Concealed some human form in anguish laid, And there on duty ever anxious, went A well trained nurse to soothe a sufferer's pain. The matron kindly wa'ching o'er her care, Through weary hours that mark a flitting breath; Dark robed in snow white uniform of mark, In sorrow looks on loss their day's death. How often when we saw their daily done, And noted sympathy in every face; How sweet the very medicine would seem, What holy comfort filled the quiet place. How like a server moved the nurse about, And never near some moaning bedside came; A fevered brow to cool or pillow smooth; But her calm words and presence blest her name. In truth she felt within her peaceful soul, Among the weak and weary ever near; Her serving care was blessed in the love, That never disdains the last, the saddest tear. Sweet flowers sent from hearts of tender thoughts, Of hours of sorrow once perchance their own; Come like sweet messengers of hope, to cheer Sad souls to mortal gladness seldom known. How sweet they smile down through the long sick room. How softly, too, they sing of gardens fit; And tell bright tales of woods and meadows gay, Whispered in fragrance till the day's decline. By every pallid cot a fresh bouquet, Was left in beauty on the bedstead's stand; The sick looked up and ever gratefully smiled, And reaching for them came a thin pale hand. Some thought of home and fond hearts far away, Of friends they never more on earth might meet, Of life's bright morning in some distant clime, And roses red where love was once so sweet. But most of all we loved her there that day, Whose pale hand felt a sufferer's forehead; Whether to soothe a sufferer's fevered brow, Or to up courage a day old child. For she could be where on some bed remote, A faithful nurse betokened something worse, And in the direct danger be the same, The Christian helper and the faithful one. CYPRUS GOLDE.

At Two Seasons.

SWISS PEAS. In story books old legends tell, How, on mid-summer day, Unto the strolling forester Unbidden comes the Fay.— To place within his eager hand, Ere withered in the light, The roses culled at blush of dawn, To gladden mortal sight. How dewy fresh in glowing tints, With all of nature there, The emblem of a fairy soul And gentle spirit's care.— What value have mere earth-born plants Scattered along the way, When we may have the fairy gifts Upon mid-summer day. No bloom from Oriental Isles, No tropic fragrance rare, No flowering shrubs of north or west With fairy gifts compare.— "And is the legend true," you say? "Of course—for on my stand, Are sweet peas culled mid-summer day By highland fairy's hand." CHINESE LILIES. Oh, none are the fleeting summer days A touching memory now; And winter crowns with ice and snow Each mountain's rugged brow. The fairy charm no longer lasts, But hideous on the stand The Christmas lily buds and blooms, From "Hop-Lung's" dirty hand. The little bulb has sprouted forth Amid the laundry steam, By darkened bunk, where opium fiends Indulge their horrid dream.— Then forth into the market place Is hauled to rich and poor, By pig-tailed heathen yellow men,—"Hop-Lung" and "Hi-shan-ho!" One season gives us fairy plants, The best of all—sweet peas! The other ugly foreign bulb, Reminding of the stand Give back to me the summer days When fairies charm us so, And back unto their filthy dens Let Chinese lilies go. CHARLES H. COLLINS. Hillsboro, Ohio.

The Ability to Sew is Becoming One of the Things of the Past. There is a real danger that fine sewing will become one of the lost arts, and that it will be with women as with men, only those whose sole profession it is can handily hold a needle. As women grow more and more like men in their attachments and professions, this may be a necessity of the change. Ready-made clothing, and even mending and darning, done in the shops, help all this along, as well as the multifarious other duties which press upon a little girl's attention, which absorb her, later years, and which leave her, as a woman, scant time and little knowledge to "take a stitch" for herself or for others. She, in turn, is not competent to instruct her children, and so the evil extends, and has even now extended, until ones sees comparatively few women any more who can do the exquisite sewing which was common before the days of the machine. Yet there are certain things which cannot be well done by machine, and which cost enormously for one goes to the city head-quarters of felling and hemming, tucking and gathering, should be able to turn her talent to account. Not only may she establish a sewing class for girls and impart to them knowledge which she possesses, but she may also make a specialty of dolls' wardrobes, of babies' layettes, of children's clothing, and of bridal outfits. There is in a Southern city a woman whose whole good income is derived from the infants' fine wardrobes which she prepares. There is no reason why her example should not be followed elsewhere. In this case, as in all others of amateur work, the general rule should be enforced—conscientious work at a modest sum. Any one who can sew well is able to do fine mending. Likewise one often wonders that she did not turn her thoughts to making up the countless pretty things which a deft pair of fingers find so easy, and which most of us have to go without. A village dry goods shop would sell these on a percentage. Do you know it is almost impossible to obtain ready-made a widow's cap? If one could make one, one could make other such dainty gear as well. And one should do it—Chicago Chronicle.

Loss and Gain.

When I look back upon the years, What can I do but sigh To think upon the pleasure flown, The dream that buried lies? Yet when I peer into my heart I brush the tears away, I find no drifted winter there, But blossoms of the May. For Love looks up and smiles so sweet Into the face of Time, I would not if I could turn back Unto the olden rhyme. Nay let me read the legend through And thank the kindly powers That as the lesser pass away The greater joys are ours. —Chicago Record.

Song.

Deep in the green bracken lying, Close by the welcoming sea, Dream it, and let all my dreaming Languidly ebb the tide. Sated with splendid cares, Showered by the sun in his pride, Scorched by his passionate arid, Languidly ebb the tide. —SOPHIE ALEX. HENSLEY. From "A woman's love letters." Windsor Salt Forest and Best.

MALAY PIRATES OF TODAY.

Still in the Business But Not Advertising It So Much as Formerly. In the Malay peninsula, piracy has declined considerably since the expedition of twenty years ago, but Ierak, Salangore, and Rambow still distinguish themselves now and again by a little undisguised business of this kind. In China the two great hot beds of buccaneers are the places which have been celebrated in this direction for centuries—Amoy and Canton. The Amoy people proper, who speak the Amoy dialect and live in the walled city, are very quiet peaceable, and orderly, and have a pronounced antipathy for fighting, whether on sea or shore. But back of Amoy is the mountainous district of Tongan. It is connected with the ocean by many arms of the sea. Its soil is sterile and its resources are very few; its people, like all mountaineers, are thin, muscular, brave, and resolute. even today they preserve a semi-independence of a military nature. These make their living by piracy. They and the men of Canton have learned wisdom by experience. They no longer cruise the wide seas, attacking any craft that may come along. There are too many gunboats patrolling the coast—too many rifled guns and too many yarmards. Law and order, in the past half century, have shot, hanged, drowned, blown up, or burned at least 100,000 followers of the "black flag." To day the work is down on a smaller, but a far shrewder and safer basis. They keep spies at various places in their neighborhood, who report to headquarters when ver some junk is about to leave that has a rich cargo or carries a large amount of money. Along with this goes the information of who commands the boat, how large a crew it carries, and how it is armed. The pirates then plan to intercept the craft in some river or arm of the sea, or else in some shoal water near the coast, where there is no chance of meeting a gunboat and where, after the robbery, they will have a safe means of escape. Their calculations are carefully made, but come out right only once in four or five times. It may be that a foreign or chinese gunboat suddenly appears upon the scene. It may be that the junk, that they are after goes past their rendezvous with European steamer or river launch, mayhap the prospective victim is delayed by adverse winds and tides, and so does not appear at the time and place figured upon.—Pall Mall Gazette.

WILL BE A LOST ART.

The Ability to Sew is Becoming One of the Things of the Past. There is a real danger that fine sewing will become one of the lost arts, and that it will be with women as with men, only those whose sole profession it is can handily hold a needle. As women grow more and more like men in their attachments and professions, this may be a necessity of the change. Ready-made clothing, and even mending and darning, done in the shops, help all this along, as well as the multifarious other duties which press upon a little girl's attention, which absorb her, later years, and which leave her, as a woman, scant time and little knowledge to "take a stitch" for herself or for others. She, in turn, is not competent to instruct her children, and so the evil extends, and has even now extended, until ones sees comparatively few women any more who can do the exquisite sewing which was common before the days of the machine. Yet there are certain things which cannot be well done by machine, and which cost enormously for one goes to the city head-quarters of felling and hemming, tucking and gathering, should be able to turn her talent to account. Not only may she establish a sewing class for girls and impart to them knowledge which she possesses, but she may also make a specialty of dolls' wardrobes, of babies' layettes, of children's clothing, and of bridal outfits. There is in a Southern city a woman whose whole good income is derived from the infants' fine wardrobes which she prepares. There is no reason why her example should not be followed elsewhere. In this case, as in all others of amateur work, the general rule should be enforced—conscientious work at a modest sum. Any one who can sew well is able to do fine mending. Likewise one often wonders that she did not turn her thoughts to making up the countless pretty things which a deft pair of fingers find so easy, and which most of us have to go without. A village dry goods shop would sell these on a percentage. Do you know it is almost impossible to obtain ready-made a widow's cap? If one could make one, one could make other such dainty gear as well. And one should do it—Chicago Chronicle.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Purest and Best.

HARBOUR. Mr. J. H. Wilson of the I. C. R. Campbellton, spent Sunday in Harcourt and returned Monday evening to resume his duties. Mr. Clarence Wry was taken ill quite suddenly Monday morning, but was much better yesterday. Mrs. W. F. Brown, Miss Ida Hudson, and Master Herbert Hudson of Richibucto were guests of Mrs. M. J. Wilson on Monday. Mrs. David Buckley of Rogersville, was visiting her mother Mrs. W. W. O'Connell, this week. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ferguson, Miss Ferguson, Miss Bessie Ferguson and Miss Jessie White of Richibucto, were guests of Mrs. Gordon Livingston on Monday. Mr. M. O'Brien of Rogersville was in town Monday evening. Mr. J. W. Morton and Master Tupper Morton of Kent Junction, were here Monday evening. Miss Parice of Sussex is visiting her brother, Mr. H. H. Parice. Mr. W. C. Atkinson of Grandville is seriously ill. Last Saturday evening there was a surprise party at the residence of Mr. Isaac B. Humphrey, the occasion being the eleven anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Humphrey who received many valuable presents. One of the presents was a handsome silver card receiver, all from her admirers. The Grand Trunk railway employ in Montreal. The Richibucto A. D. E. assisted by the brass band of the shiretown, gave a very creditable entertainment in the town hall on Monday evening. The attendance was not as large as it would have been had the weather and roads been more favorable. The several persons who served at their party admirable, and were deserving of a crowded house. A concert will be given in the town hall on Friday evening, the 15th inst. by the scholars of the Harcourt presbyterian sabbath school. Mr. Wilmet Brown, manager of the K. N. railway, spent Monday afternoon at Harcourt. Mr. Thorne arrived here yesterday from Northumberland County and will remain a few days before going east. Mr. W. W. Friebe has been confided to his house for some days past. REX.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton by B. Fairley] The children's carnival in the Round rink Saturday afternoon was a decided success. The first prize was carried off by Miss Amelia McLellan as Little Red Riding Hood; the second by Miss Lucy Alexander as Little Xmas. Tuesday evening Miss Jardine entertained a few friends at a whist party; dancing was also indulged in. A recherche lunch was served at twelve and soon after the party broke up, after spending a very pleasant evening. Some of those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Smith, Miss Sadie Moore, Miss Messerou, Miss O'Keefe, Miss Mowat, Miss T. Jardine, Messrs. Frank Blair, J. Johnson, H. Patterson, Leslie J. Cole, Toronto; Harts, Quebec; and Mr. Lamont, Fredericton. Mr. Jas. Haquall and Mr. John Barbic both of the Shiretown, were visitors in town last week, on a flying visit Saturday. Mr. Harry Wasten spent Sunday at his home in Harcourt. Messrs. Cole and McAndrews of St. John were in town last week, also Mr. Walter Scovill of the same place. Mrs. Maxwe' Mowat gave a very pleasant party Wednesday evening for Miss A. B. Mowat on the eve of her departure to Toronto where she will visit for some time. Miss Nellie Williams returned from a visit to Mrs. Y. D. Metzger, Moncton. Mr. and Mrs. Le Case gave an enjoyable snow shoe tramp Wednesday evening. After the tramp the party returned to Miss Le Case's home where the evening was spent. Mr. Desnoes also entertained a few friends Wednesday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Holland, Bathurst. CALLIPE.

ANAGANCE.

MARCH 2.—Mr. Beverly McNaughton spent a few days of last week in Apohaqui, visiting his sister, Mrs. Byard McLeod. Mrs. George McLaughlin and two children of St. John, who have been visiting relatives here for the past six weeks, returned to her home on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. Secord of Apohaqui spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson. Mr. Humphrey Davidson, who has been ill with a severe cold, is able to be out again. Mr. Desnoes also entertained a few friends Sunday in Penobscot, visiting friends. Mr. Harry Morgan of Liverpool, England, is visiting friends in Fortage. MOSQUITO.